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# Little Red Riding Hood



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BY COOPER EDENS





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# Little Red Riding Hood



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*From the Green Tiger's collection of old children's books*

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## PREFACE

*Little Red Riding Hood* is one of the most popular of all fairy tales. It seems as if it is as old as storytelling, but in fact there is no record of it before its publication in Perrault's collection in 1697.

Fairy tales almost always have a moral core; *Little Red Riding Hood* has two. First, it warns of the consequences of losing sight of the goal, of tarrying too long in the flowery fields. Second, it cautions against being too trusting of strangers. If the heroine had avoided either of these pitfalls, the tragedy might have been averted.

The red cloak is another aspect of this story which deserves notice. I cannot imagine the story having the power that it does if the little girl had been dressed in a less remarkable way.

This volume differs from my earlier publication in this series, *Beauty and the Beast*, in the brevity of its text. Both books utilize pictures by many illustrators to adorn and amplify the story. In *Little Red Riding Hood* I have taken a very short text and made of it not merely an illustrated version, as in *Beauty and the Beast*, but a picture story book in which the images and words work as equals. I like the book that has emerged, and hope you will too.



Cooper Edens









**T**HERE was once a sweet little maiden, who was loved by all who knew her, but she was especially dear to her Grandmother, who did not know how to make enough of the child. Once her Grandmother gave her a little red velvet cloak. It was so becoming, and she liked it so much, that she would never wear anything else, and so she got the name of Red Riding Hood.





One day her Mother said to her, 'Come here, Red Riding Hood, take this cake and a bottle of wine to Grandmother. She is weak and ill, and they will do her good. Go quickly, before it gets hot, and don't loiter by the way, or run, or you will fall down and break the bottle, and there would be no wine for Grandmother. When you get there, don't forget to say "Good morning" prettily, without staring about you.'

'I will do just as you tell me,' Red Riding Hood promised her Mother.

Her Grandmother lived away in the woods, a good half-hour from the village. When she got to the wood, she met a Wolf; but Red Riding Hood did not know what a wicked animal he was, so she was not a bit afraid of him.









‘Good-morning, Red Riding Hood,’ he said.  
‘Good morning, Wolf,’ she answered.  
‘Whither away so early, Red Riding Hood?’  
‘To Grandmother’s.’













‘What have you got in your basket?’

‘Cake and wine. We baked yesterday, so I’m taking a cake to Grannie; she wants something to make her well.’





‘Where does your Grandmother live, Red Riding Hood?’













‘A good quarter of an hour further into the wood. Her house stands under three big oak trees, near a hedge of nut trees which you must know,’ said Red Riding Hood.

The Wolf thought, ‘This tender little creature will be a plump morsel; she will be nicer than the old woman. I must be cunning, and snap them both up.’





He walked along with Red Riding Hood for a while, then he said, 'Look at the pretty flowers, Red Riding Hood. Why don't you look about you? I don't believe you even hear the birds sing, you are just as solemn as if you were going to school; everything else is so gay out here in the woods.'













Red Riding Hood raised her eyes, and when she saw the sunlight dancing through the trees, and all the bright flowers, she thought, 'I'm sure Grannie would be pleased if I took her a bunch of fresh flowers. It is still quite early; I shall have plenty of time to pick them.'





So she left the path, and wandered off among the trees to pick the flowers. Each time she picked one, she saw another prettier one further on.







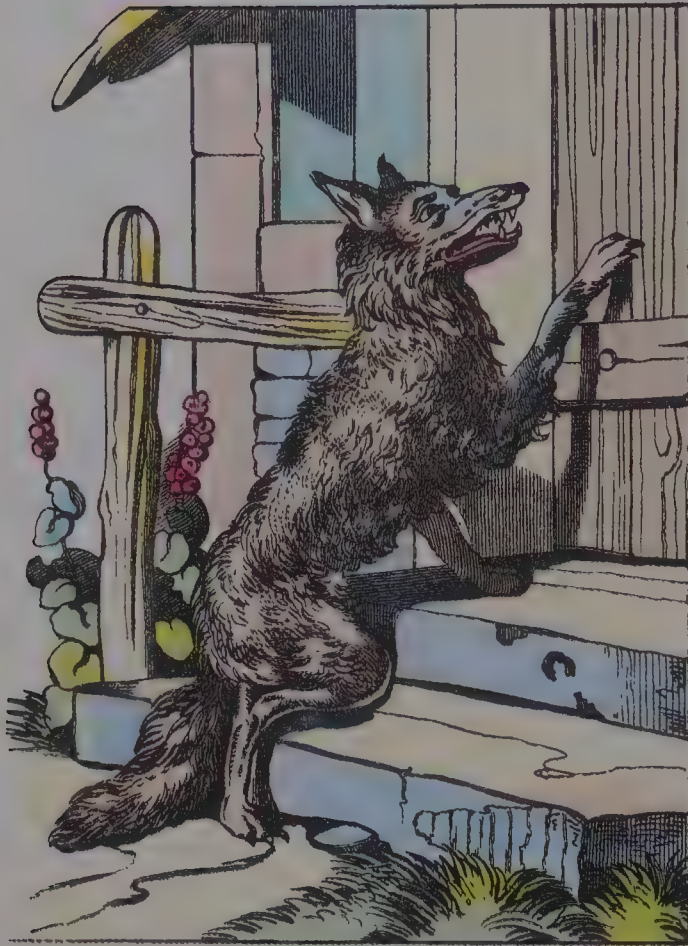






So she went deeper and deeper into the forest.





In the meantime the Wolf went straight off to the Grandmother's cottage, and knocked at the door.

'Who is there?'

'Red Riding Hood, bringing you a cake and some wine. Open the door!'

'Press the latch!' cried the old woman. 'I am too weak to get up.'













The Wolf pulled the bobbin, and the door opened. He leaped on the old woman and gobbled her up in a minute, for he had had no dinner for three days past.

Then he shut the door and rolled himself up in the Grandmother's bed, to wait for little Red Riding Hood.





In a while she came knocking at the door,  
rap, rap.













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‘Who’s there?’

Little Red Riding Hood, who heard the gruff voice of the wolf, was frightened at first, but thinking that her grandmother had a cold, she answered. “Tis your grand-daughter, little Red Riding Hood, and I have brought you a cake and a little pot of butter that my mother sends you.’

Then the wolf called to her in as soft a voice as he could, ‘Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up,’ said the Wolf. So Red Riding Hood pulled the bobbin, and up went the latch.





She opened the door, and when she entered the room everything seemed so strange. She felt quite frightened but she did not know why. 'Generally I like coming to see Grandmother so much,' she thought. She cried, 'Good-morning, Grandmother,' but she received no answer.









Then she went up to the bed and drew the curtain back. There lay her Grandmother, but she had drawn her cap down over her face, and she looked very odd.





'O Grandmother, what big ears you have got,'  
she said.

'The better to hear with, my dear.'











‘Grandmother, what big eyes you have got.’  
‘The better to see with, my dear.’





‘What big hands you have got, Grandmother.’  
‘The better to catch hold of you with, my dear.’









‘But, Grandmother, what big teeth you have got.’

‘The better to eat you up with, my dear.’ And when he had said that he sprang upon the child and ate her up.

The Wolf then fell asleep, but he was not allowed to rest long, for the father of Red Riding Hood, coming with some other men to see what had become of his little daughter, soon found out what had taken place. Then they fell on the Wolf and killed him with axes; so he was punished for his cruelty.

### MORAL

*If in this world secure you'd be,  
From danger, strife, and care;  
Take heed with whom you keep company,  
and how—and when—and where.*









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## PICTURE CREDITS

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